

NEW YORK LETTER



By Norman

New York, Sept. 11.—A peculiar problem in ethics was presented in West 39th street a few mornings ago.

It was 3:30, by Daniel Monahan's watch, when he passed the door of No. 204. Mr. Monahan was on his way home.

A fresh breeze was blowing up from the North river and it whisked Mr. Monahan's hat off his head and carried it into an open window on the ground floor of No. 204, which is a theatrical boarding house.

Mr. Monahan pondered. He disliked extremely to abandon his perfectly good hat. A policeman stood at the corner. Mr. Monahan went to him and stated his case. The policeman suggested that he wait till morning and then call upon the inhabitants of the house and ask for his hat.

There's how much good a cop is in a real emergency. Just as useful to Mr. Monahan as a water plug.

Mr. Monahan went back to the house. As he stood gazing at the open window into which his chapeau had vanished, Thomas Democratis, aged 15, happened along. Thomas was not going any place in particular, it appeared, and when Mr. Monahan offered him a dime to climb into that window and retrieve his summer kelly he joyously accepted the commission.

Two minutes later the cop heard a commotion which brought him on the run. Mr. Monahan was pounding on the front door with the lid of an ash can. Howls from within indicated that Thomas Democratis was being murdered.

Finally the door was opened, revealing a great number of excited persons in incomplete attire. Among them Terence Kelly, who had been sleeping in the parlor into which the hat blew and who had seized and assaulted Thomas Democratis under the impression that he was a burglar.

So everybody went to court. Mr. Monahan said he thought surely the room must be empty. Therefore it was all right to send Thomas Democratis into the window. Mr. Kelly said he was a sound sleeper and had not heard Mr. Monahan's knocking on the door. He did, however, feel Thomas Democratis pawing his legs in a search for the straw hat and felt justified in grabbing Thomas quite roughly.

Thomas said never again, for a dime.

The judge, after inspecting Mr. Monahan's initials in the hat and learning of his having invoked the aid of the law in vain before resorting to Thomas, rendered a verdict of justifiable burglary on Mr. Monahan's part and pardonable assault on Mr. Kelly's.

Mr. Kelly gave Thomas Democratis a quarter and Mr. Monahan gave him 35 cents, and Thomas will probably spend the next 10 years of his life patrolling West 39th street in the gray dawn, hoping for another job as a straw hat retriever.

Chemist (indignant at being called up at two in the morning)—Two cents' worth of bicarbonate of soda for the wife's indigestion at this time of night, when a glass of hot water does just as well—Customer (hastily)—Well, well! Thanks for the advice. I'll not bother ye after all. Good night!

IN LONDON

"Well, what's wanted, Sissy?"

"Please, ma'am, mother wants to borrow your recipe for making bombs. The last one she made just smelled bad and wouldn't bust."